

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And with a looke so piteous in purport,
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Ophel. My Lord I doe not know,
But truely I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophel. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it: long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being: that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
Hee seem'd to finde his way without his eyes;
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King;
This is the very extasie of love,
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passions under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am sorrie;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophel. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his letters, and deni'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am sorrie that with better heed and judgement
I had not coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To lacke discretion: Come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close might move
More griefe to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guildensterne.

King. Welcome deare Rosencraus and Guildensterne,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hastie sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Rembles that it was: what it should be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought up with him,
And sith to neighbored to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd eyes within our remedy.

Que. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation should receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent

To